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THE
C U R E
OF
S A U L.
A
S A C R E D O D E.

Written by DR. BROWN.

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T H E
A R G U M E N T.

SAUL, for his *Disobedience to Heaven*, is afflicted with the *Fiend of MELANCHOLY*, p. 1. DAVID is sent for, to cure him by the *Power of Music*, p. 2. He comes, attended with a *Choir of Shepherds*; and, as the means of dispelling SAUL's *Despair*, he sings the *Creation of the World*, and the happy *Estate of our first Parents in Paradise*, p. 3 to 7. SAUL is moved by the *Representation*; but expostulates with DAVID, "why, when others are happy, He should be miserable," p. 7. DAVID, to convince him that *Guilt is the Source of Misery*, sings the *Fall of Man*, and his *Expulsion from Paradise*, p. 8. This alarms the *Monarch's Pride*; and instead of reclaiming, provokes him to *Resentment and Rage*, p. 9. DAVID, superior to his *Threats*, awakens his *Conscience*, and terrifies him, by singing the *Fate and Punishment of Guilt*, in the *Destruction of the rebellious Tribe of CHORAH* by an *Earthquake*, and of the guilty *World* by the general *Deluge*, p. 10. SAUL, struck with *Horror*, attempts to kill himself, p. 13. But being prevented by his *Friends*, DAVID soothes his *Anguish*, by invoking *Repentance and divine Mercy* to compose his *Passions*,
p. 14.

THE ARGUMENT.

p. 14. SAUL *relents into virtuous Sorrow*, p. 15. *But his Despair returning*, DAVID *calls on his attendant Choir to raise a more sublime and affecting Strain*, p. 16. *This hath its Effect; and SAUL melts into Tears of Penitence*, ib. DAVID *now comforts him with the Return of the divine Favour*, p. 17. *To banish the Remains of Pride, he then sings his own Happiness in the humble Station of a Shepherd*, ib. *Still farther to compose the Monarch's Grievs, by a Strain of soft Music he throws him into a gentle Slumber; invoking celestial Visions to transport him to the Regions of the Blessed, and change his Anguish into Joy*, p. 18. *The desired Effects appear in his Countenance: The Fiend departs: And SAUL awakes in perfect Tranquillity*, p. 19. DAVID *then concludes with a Song of Triumph on the Powers of Harmony, and the seraphic Hymn that attended her, as the Minister of Heaven, on the Creation of the World*, p. 20.

THE

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C U R E
O F
S A U L.
A S A C R E D O D E.

“**V**ENGENCE, arise from thy infernal Bed;
“ And pour thy Tempest on his Guilty Head!”

Thus Heav’n’s Decree, in Thunder’s Sound,
Shook the dark Abyſs profound. —

The unchain’d Furies come!

Pale *Melancholy* stalks from Hell:

Th’ abortive Offspring of her Womb,

Despair and *Anguish* round her yell.

B

 By

By sleepless Terror SAUL possess'd,
Deep feels the Fiend within his tortur'd Breast.
Midnight Spectres round him howl:
Before his Eyes
In Troops they rise;
And Seas of Horror overwhelm his Soul.

Haste; to JESSE's *Son* repair:
He best can sweep the Lyre,
Wake the solemn sounding Air,
And lead the vocal Choir:
On ev'ry String soft-breathing Raptures dwell,
To sooth the Throbbings of the troubled Breast;
Whose magic Voice can bid the Tides of Passion swell,
Or lull the raging Storm to Rest.

Sunk

Sunk on his Couch, and loathing Day,
The heav'n-forfaken *Monarch* lay:
To the sad Couch the *Shepherd* now drew near;
And, while th' obedient *Choir* stood round,
Prepar'd to catch the Soul-commanding Sound,
He drop'd a gen'rous Tear. —
Thy pitying Aid, O God, impart!
For lo, thy poison'd Arrows drink his Heart!

The mighty Song from *Chaos* rose. —
Around his Throne the formless Atoms sleep,
And drowzy Darknes broods upon the Deep. —
Confusion, wake!
Bid the Realms of *Chaos* shake!
Rouse him from his dread Repose! —

4 THE CURE OF SAUL.

Hark ! loud *Discord* breaks her Chain :
The hostile Atoms clash with deafning Roar :
Her hoarse Voice thunders through the drear Domain ;
And kindles ev'ry Element to War. —

“ Tumult cease !

“ Sink to Peace !

“ Let there be Light ! ” — Th' *Almighty* said :

And lo, the radiant *Sun*,

Flaming from his orient Bed,

His endless Course begun.

See, the twinkling *Pleiads* rise :

Thy Star, *Orion*, reddens in the Skies :

While flow around the northern Plain,

Arcturus wheels his nightly Wane.

Thy

Thy Glories, too, refulgent *Moon*, he sung;
Thy mystic Mazes, and thy changeful Ray:
O fairest of the starry Throng!
Thy solemn Orb of Light
Guides the triumphant Carr of Night
O'er Silver Clouds, and sheds a softer Day!

Ye *Planets*, and each circling *Constellation*,
In Songs harmonious tell your Generation!
Oh, while yon radiant *Seraph* turns the Spheres,
And on the stedfast Pole-Star stands sublime;
Wheel your Rounds
To heav'nly Sounds;
And sooth his Song-enchanted Ears,
With your celestial Chime.

In

In dumb Surprise the lift'ning Monarch lay ;
(His Woe suspended by sweet Music's Sway)
And awe-struck, with uplifted Eye
Mus'd on the new-born Wonders of the Sky.

Lead the soothing Verse along :

He feels, he feels the Pow'r of Song. —

Ocean hastens to his Bed :

The lab'ring Mountain rears his rock-encumber'd Head :

Down his steep and shaggy Side

The Torrent rolls his thund'ring Tide ;

Then smooth and clear, along the fertile Plain

Winds his majestic Waters to the distant Main.

Flocks and Herds the Hills adorn :

The Lark, high-soaring, hails the Morn.

And while along yon crimson-clouded Steep

The slow Sun steals into the golden Deep,

Hark !

Hark! the solemn Nightingale

Warbles to the woodland Dale.

See, descending Angels show'r

Heav'n's own Bliss on *Eden's* Bow'r:

Peace on Nature's Lap reposes;

Pleasure strews her guiltless Roses:

Joys divine in Circles move,

Link'd with Innocence and Love.

Hail, happy Love, with Innocence combin'd!

All hail, ye sinless Parents of Mankind!

They paus'd: — the Monarch, prostrate on his Bed,

Submissive bow'd his Head;

Ador'd the Works of boundless Pow'r divine:

Then, Anguish-struck, he cry'd (and smote his Breast)

Why, why is Peace the welcome Guest

Of ev'ry Heart but Mine!

Now

8 THE CURE OF SAUL.

Now let the solemn Numbers flow,
Till he feel that Guilt is Woe.

Heav'nly Harp, in mournful Strain
O'er yon weeping Bow'r complain:
What Sounds of bitter Pangs I hear!
What Lamentations wound mine Ear!
In vain, devoted Pair, these Tears ye shed:

Peace with Innocence is fled.
The Messengers of Grace depart:
Death glares, and shakes the dreadful Dart!
Ah, whither fly ye, by yourselves abhor'd,
To shun that frowning Cherub's firey Sword? —

Lo!

Hapless, hapless Pair,
Goaded by Despair,
Forlorn, thro' desert Climes they go!

Wake, my Lyre! can Pity sleep,
When Heav'n is mov'd, and Angels weep!
Flow, ye melting Numbers, flow;
Till he feel, that Guilt is Woe. —

The King, with Pride, and Shame, and Anguish, torn,
Shot Fury from his Eyes, and Scorn.
The glowing Youth,
Bold in Truth,
(So still should Virtue guilty Pow'r engage)
With Brow undaunted met his Rage.
See, his Cheek kindles into generous Fire:
Stern, he bends him o'er his Lyre;
And, while the Doom of Guilt he sings,
Shakes Horror from the tortur'd Strings.

What Sounds of Terror and Distress

Rend yon howling Wilderness!

The dreadful Thunders sound;

The forked Lightnings flash along the Ground.

Why yawns that deep'ning Gulph below? —

'Tis for Heav'n's rebellious Foe: —

Fly, ye Sons of ISRAEL, fly,

Who dwells in *Korab's* guilty Tents must die! —

They sink! — Have Mercy, Lord! — Their Cries

In dreadful Tumult rise!

Hark, from the Deep their loud Laments I hear!

They lessen now, and lessen on the Ear!

Now, Destruction's Strife is o'er!

The countless Host

For ever lost!

The Gulph is clos'd! — Their Cries are heard no more! —

But Oh, my Lyre, what Accents can relate
Sinful Man's appointed Fate!

He comes, he comes! th' avenging GOD!

Clouds and Darkness round him rowl:

Tremble, Earth! Ye Mountains, nod!

He bows the Skies, and shakes the Pole.

The gloomy Banners of his Wrath unfurl'd,

He calls the Floods, to drown a guilty World:

“*Ruin*, lift thy baleful Head;

“Rouze the guilty World from Sleep:

“Lead up thy Billows from their cavern'd Bed,

“And burst the Rocks that chain thee in the Deep. —

Now, th'impetuous Torrents rise;

The hoarse-ascending Deluge roars:

Down rush the Cataracts from the Skies;

The swelling Waves o'erwhelm the Shores.

Just, O God, is thy Decree!

Shall guilty Man contend with Thee!

Lo, *Hate* and *Envy*, sea-intomb'd,

And *Rage* with *Lust* in Ruin sleep;

And scoffing *Luxury* is doom'd

To glut the vast and rav'nous Deep! —

In vain from *Fate* th' astonish'd Remnant flies: —

“Shrink, ye Rocks! Ye Oceans, rise!” —

The tottering Cliffs no more the Floods controul;

Sea following Sea ingulphs the Ball:

O'er the sunk Hills the watry Mountains rowl,

And wide *Destruction* swallows all! —

Now fiercer let th' impassion'd Numbers glow:

Swell the Song, ye mighty Choir!

Wing your dreadful Darts with Fire!

Hear me, Monarch! — Guilt is Woe! —

Thus

Thus while the frowning *Shepherd* pour'd along
The deep impetuous Torrent of his Song ;
SAUL, stung by dire Despair,
Gnash'd his Teeth, and tore his Hair :
From his Blood, by Horror chill'd,
A cold and agonizing Sweat distill'd :
Then, foaming with unutterable Smart,
He aim'd a Dagger at his Heart.
His watchful Train prevent the Blow ;
And call each lenient Balm, to sooth his frantic Woe :
But pleas'd, the *Shepherd* now beheld
His Pride by Heav'n's own Terrors quell'd :
Then bade his potent Lyre controul
The mighty Storm that rent his Soul.

Cease

Cease your Cares: the Body's Pain

A sweet Relief may find:

But Gums and lenient Balms are vain,

To heal the wounded Mind.

Come, fair *Repentance*, from the Skies

O fainted Maid, with upcast Eyes!

Descend in thy celestial Shroud,

Vested in a weeping Cloud!

Holy Guide, descend, and bring

Mercy from th' eternal King!

To his Soul your Beams impart,

And whisper Comfort to his Heart! —

They come: O King, thine Ear incline:

Listen to their Voice divine:

Their

Their Voice shall every Pang compose,
To gentle Sorrow sooth thy Woes;
Till each pure Wish to Heav'n shall soar,
And Peace return, to part no more!

Behold, obedient to their great Command,
The lifted Dagger quits his trembling Hand:
Smooth'd is his Brow, where fullen Care
And furrow'd Horror couch'd with fell Despair:
No more his Eyes with Fury glow;
But heav'nly Grief succeeds to hell-born Woe. —

See, the Signs of Grace appear:

See the soft relenting Tear,

Trickling at sweet Mercy's Call!

Catch it, Angels, ere it fall!

And let the heart-fent Offering rise,

Heav'n's best-accepted Sacrifice! —

Yet,

Yet, yet again? — Ah see, the Pang returns!
Again with inward Fire his heaving Bosom burns!

Now, *Shepherds*, wake a mightier Strain;
Search the deep, heart-rending Pain;
Till the large Floods of Sorrow roll,
And quench the Tortures of his Soul.

Almighty LORD, accept his Pang sincere!
Let heav'nly Hope dispell each dark Temptation!
And, while he pours the penitential Tear,
O visit him with thy Salvation! —

Stoop from Heav'n, ye raptur'd Throng:
Sink, ye swelling Tides of Song!
For lo, dissolv'd by Music's melting Pow'r,
Celestial Sorrow rolls her plenteous Show'r.
O'er his wan Cheek the Colours rise;
And Beams of Comfort brighten in his Eyes.

Happy

Happy King, thy Woes are o'er!
Thy God shall wound thy Soul no more:
The pitying Father of Mankind
Meets the pure-returning Mind.

Now lowly let the rustic Measure glide,
To quell the dark Remains of self-consuming Pride;
Till Nature's home-sprung Blessings he confess,
And own that calm Content is Happiness.—
Ye Woods and Lakes, ye Cliffs and Mountains!
Haunted Grots, and living Fountains!

Listen to your *Shepherd's* Lay,
Whose artless Carols close the Day.
Bounding Kids around him throng;
The steep Rock echoes back his Song:
While all unseen to mortal Eye,
Sliding down the evening Sky,

D

Holy

Holy *Peace*, tho' born above,
Daughter of *Innocence* and *Love*,
Quits her Throne and Mansion bright,
Her Crown of Stars, and Robe of Light,
Serene, in gentle Smiles array'd,
To dwell beneath his Palm-Tree Shade.
Hail, meek Angel! awful Guest!
Still pour thy Radiance o'er my Breast!
Pride and *Hate* in Courts may shine:
The *Shepherd's* calm and blameless Tent is Thine!--

Softly, softly breath your Numbers;
And wrap his weary'd Soul in Slumbers!
Gentle Sleep, becalm his Breast,
And close his Eyes in healing Rest!
Descend, celestial Visions, ye who wait,
God's ministring Pow'rs, at Heav'n's eternal Gate!

Ye, who nightly Vigils keep,
And rule the silent Realms of Sleep,
Exalt the Just to Joys refin'd,
And plunge in Woe the guilty Mind,
Descend! — Oh, waft him to the Skies,
And open all Heav'n's Glories to his Eyes!
Beyond yon starry Roof, by *Seraphs* trod,
Where Light's unclouded Fountains blaze;
Where Choirs immortal hymn their God,
Intranc'd in Ecstasy of ceaseless Praise:
Angels, heal his Anguish!
Your Harps and Voices joyn!
His Grief to Bliss shall languish,
When sooth'd by Sounds divine.
Behold, with dawning Joy each Feature glows!
See, the blissful Tear o'erflows! —

The Fiend is fled!—Let *Music's* Rapture rise:

Now *Harmony*, thy ev'ry Nerve employ:

Shake the Dome, and pierce the Skies:

Wake him, wake him into Joy.—

What Pow'r can ev'ry Passion's Throe controul?

What Pow'r can boast the Charm divine,

To still the Tempest of the Soul?

Celestial *Harmony*, that mighty Charm is Thine!

She, heav'nly-born, came down to visit Earth,

When from God's eternal Throne

The Beam of all-creative *Wisdom* shone,

And spake fair Order into Birth.

At *Wisdom's* Call she robed yon glittering Skies,

Attun'd the Spheres, and taught consenting Orbs to rise.

Angels wrapt in Wonder stood,

And saw that All was Fair, and All was Good.

"Twas

'Twas then, ye Sons of God, in bright Array
Ye shouted o'er Creation's Day :
Then kindling into Joy,
The Morning Stars together sung ;
And thro' the vast etherial Sky
Seraphic Hymns and loud Hosannahs rung.

T H E E N D.

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The first of these is the fact that the

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